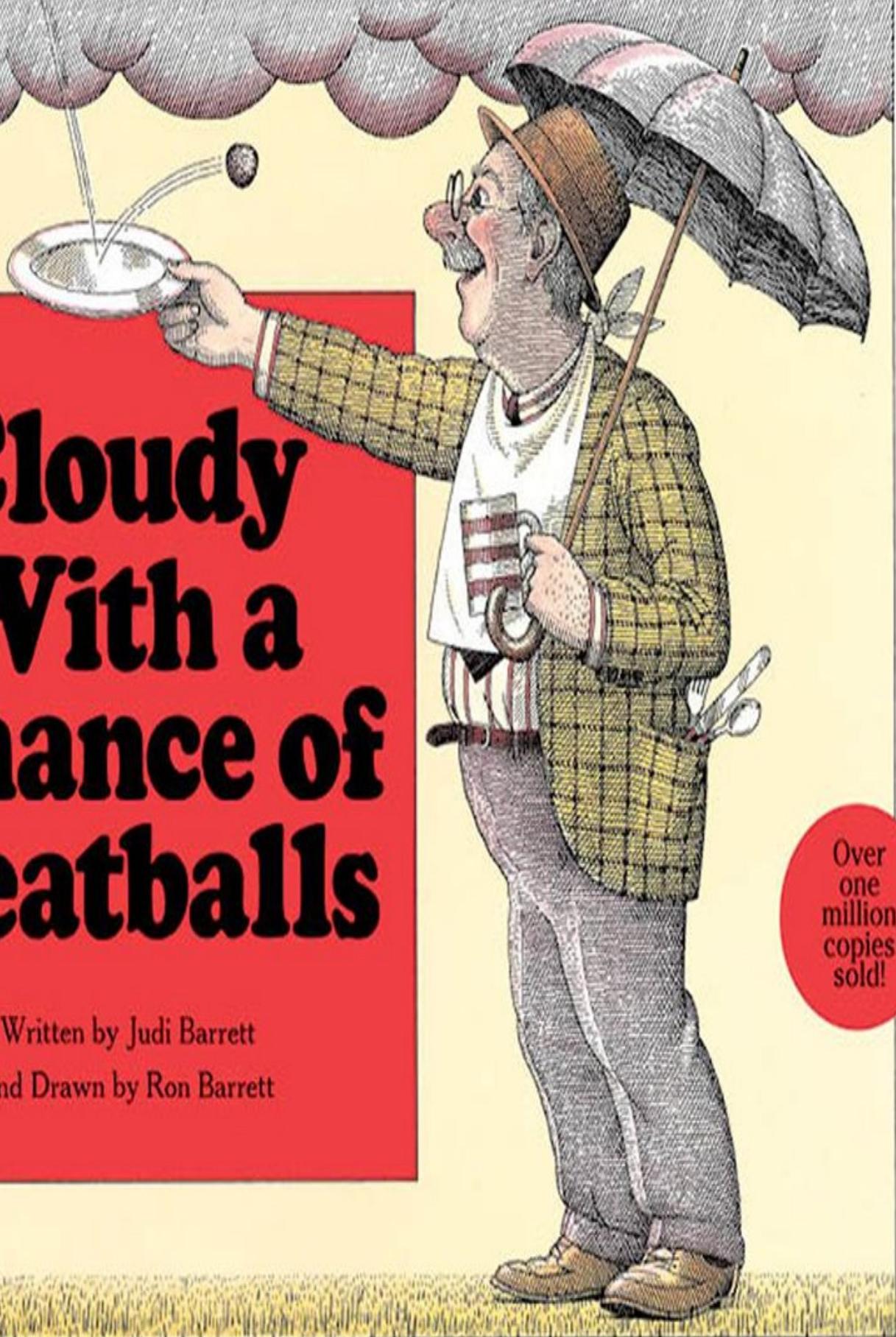
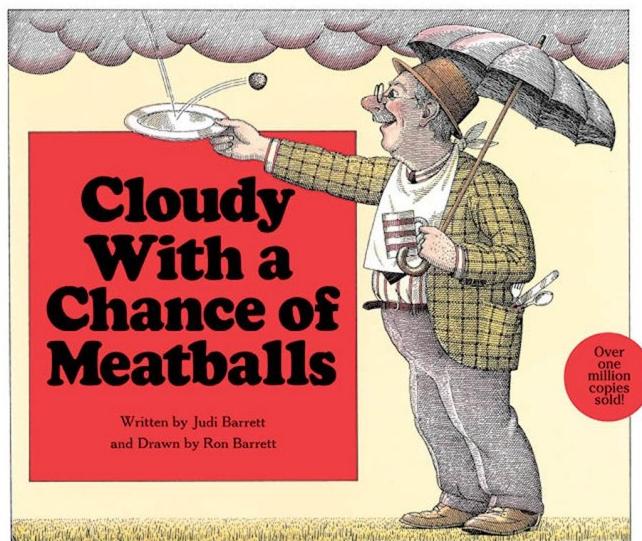


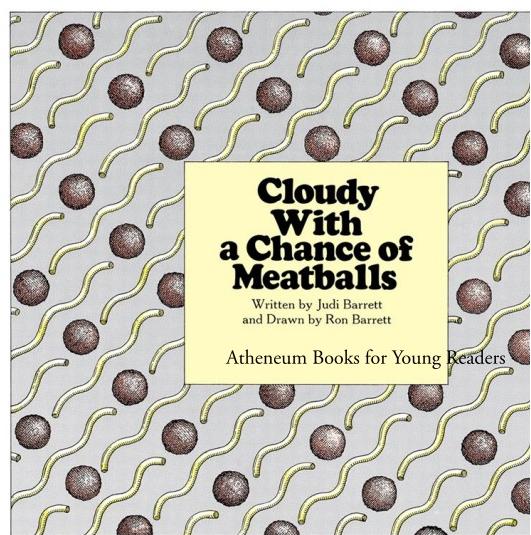
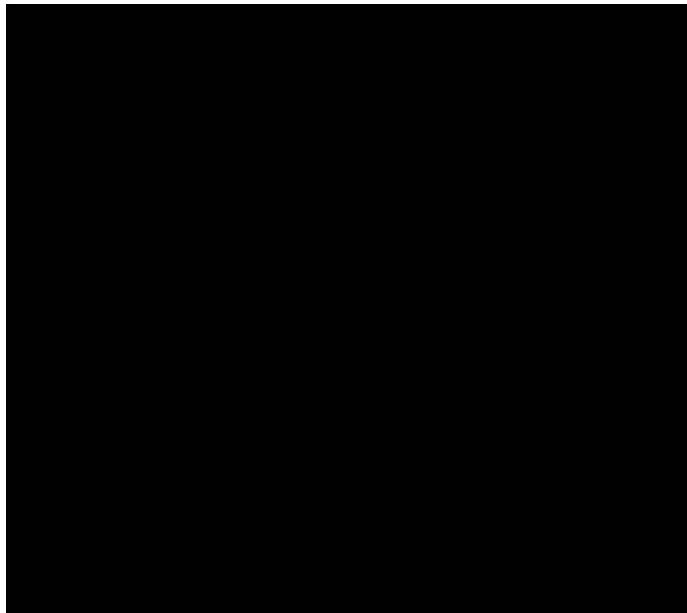
Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs

Written by Judi Barrett
and Drawn by Ron Barrett

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Cloudy with a chance of meatballs.

Summary: Life is delicious in the town of Chewandswallow where it rains soup and juice, snows mashed potatoes, and blows storms of hamburgers—until the weather takes a turn for the worse.

[1. Weather—Fiction. 2. Food—Fiction]

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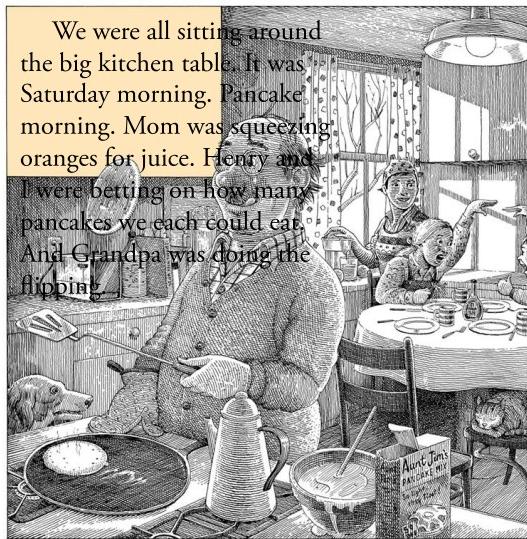
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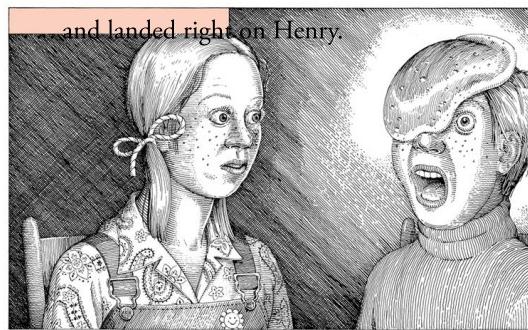
We were all sitting around
the big kitchen table. It was
Saturday morning. Pancake
morning. Mom was squeezing
oranges for juice. Henry and
I were betting on how many
pancakes we each could eat.
And Grandpa was doing the
flipping.



Seconds later, something flew through the air headed toward the kitchen ceiling.

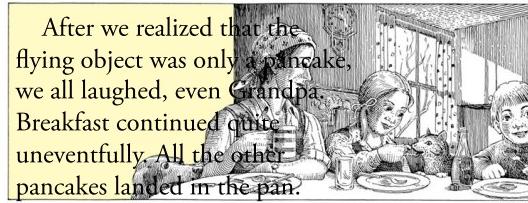


and landed right on Henry.



After we realized that the flying object was only a pancake, we all laughed, even Grandpa. Breakfast continued quite uneventfully. All the other pancakes landed in the pan.

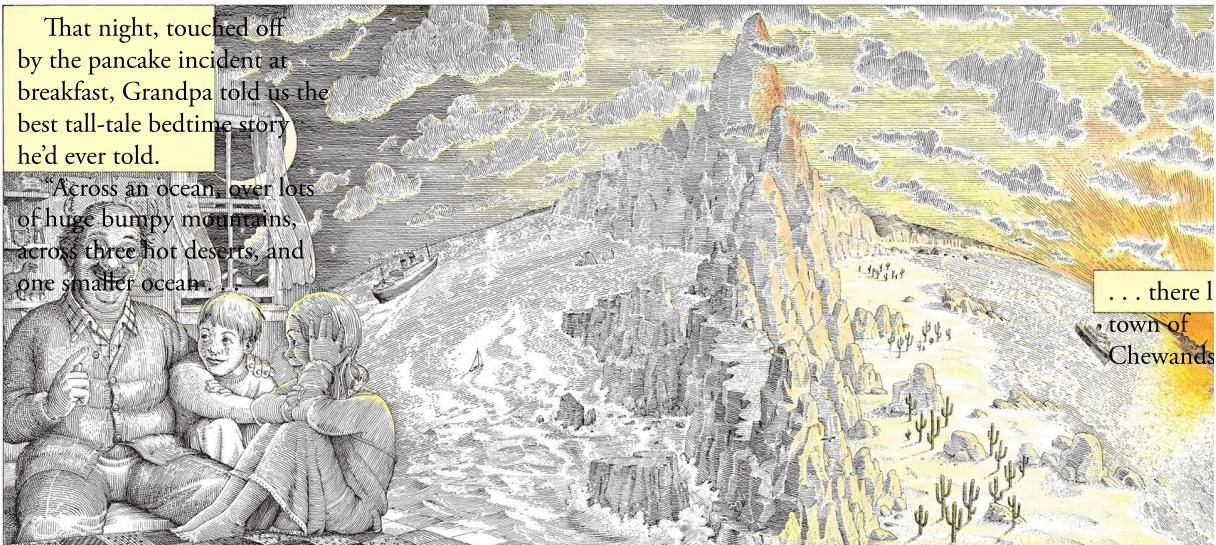
And all of them were eaten, even the one that landed on Henry.



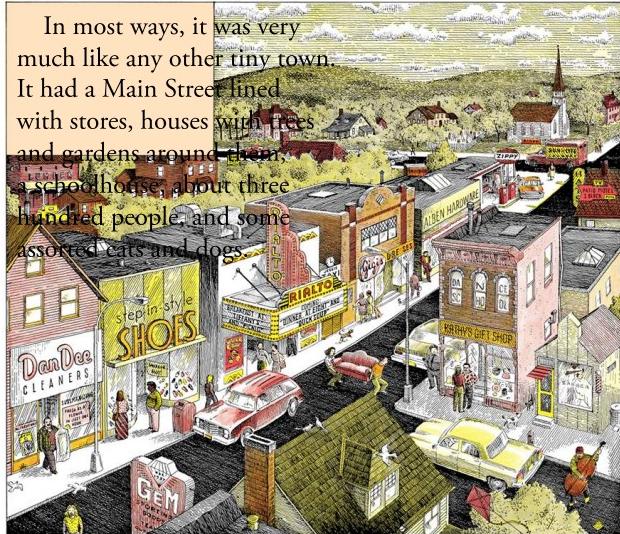
That night, touched off by the pancake incident at breakfast, Grandpa told us the best tall-tale bedtime story he'd ever told.

"Across an ocean, over lots of huge bumpy mountains, across three hot deserts, and one smaller ocean . . .

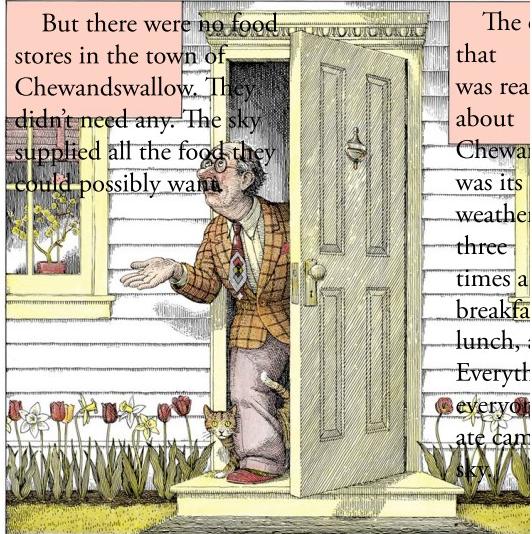
. . . there is
a town of
Chewands



In most ways, it was very much like any other tiny town. It had a Main Street lined with stores, houses with trees and gardens around them, a schoolhouse, about three hundred people, and some assorted cats and dogs.



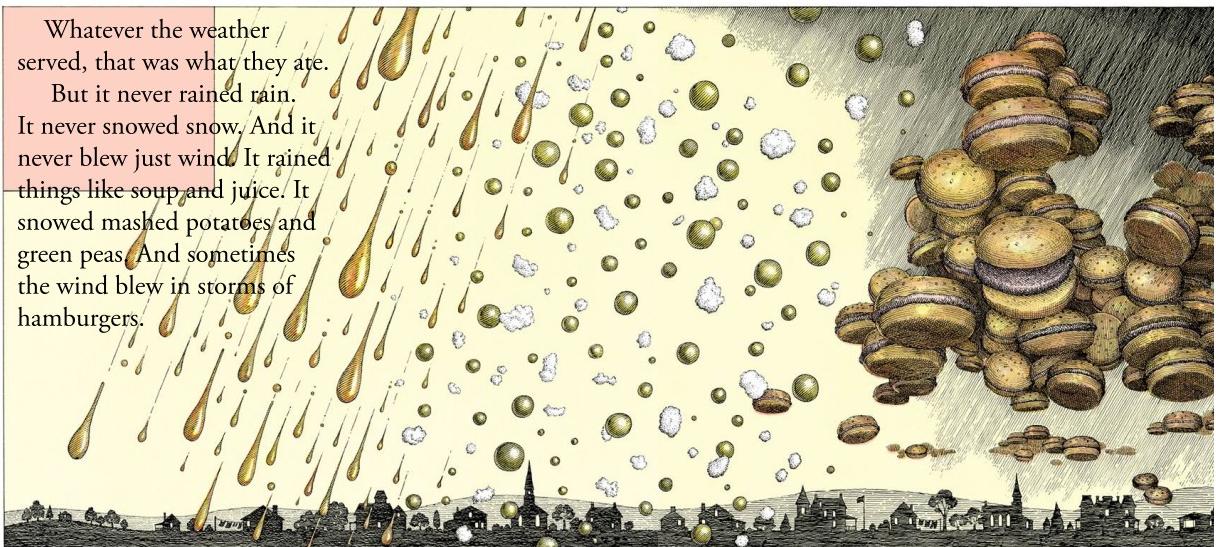
But there were no food stores in the town of Chewandswallow. They didn't need any. The sky supplied all the food they could possibly want.



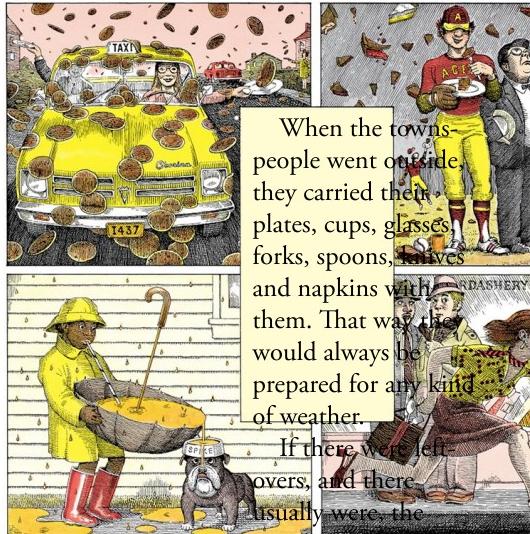
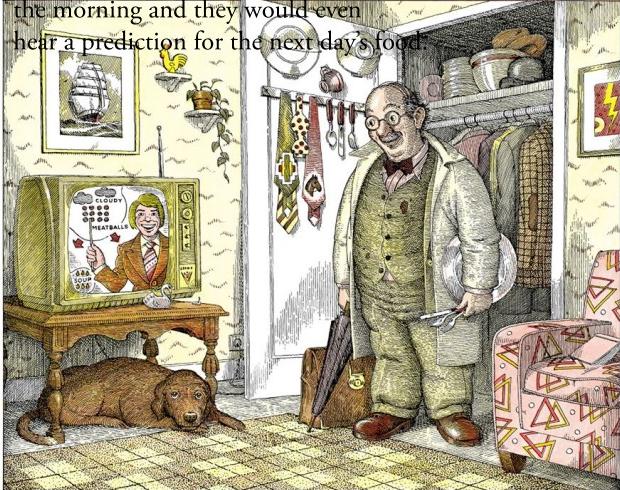
The
that
was rea
about
Chewan
was its
weather
three
times a
breakfa
lunch,
Everyth
everyon
ate can
sky

Whatever the weather
served, that was what they ate.

But it never rained rain.
It never snowed snow. And it
never blew just wind. It rained
things like soup and juice. It
snowed mashed potatoes and
green peas. And sometimes
the wind blew in storms of
hamburgers.



The people could watch the weather report on television in the morning and they would even hear a prediction for the next day's food.



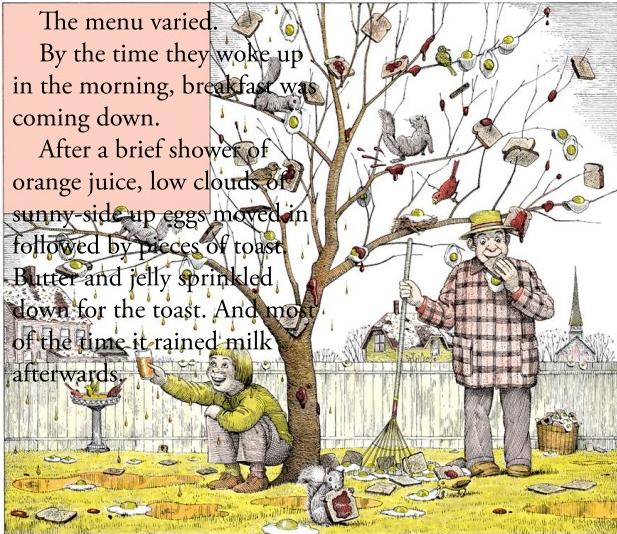
When the townspeople went outside, they carried their plates, cups, glasses, forks, spoons, knives and napkins with them. That way they would always be prepared for any kind of weather.

If there were leftovers, and there usually were, the people took them home and put them in their refrigerators in case they got hungry between meals.

The menu varied.

By the time they woke up in the morning, breakfast was coming down.

After a brief shower of orange juice, low clouds of sunny-side up eggs moved in followed by pieces of toast. Butter and jelly sprinkled down for the toast. And most of the time it rained milk afterwards.

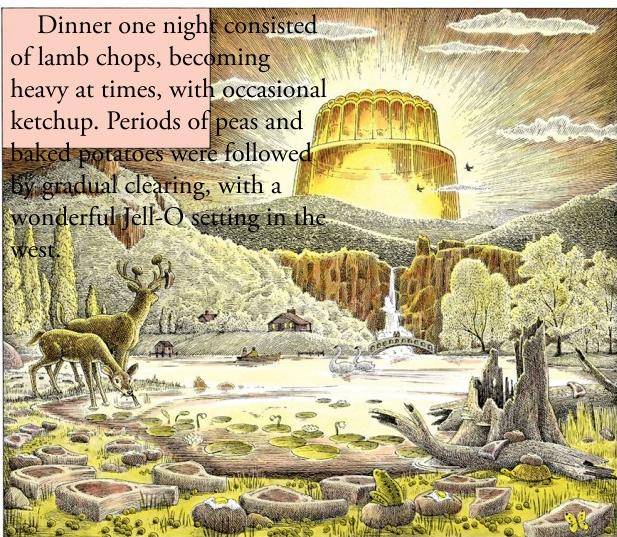


For lunch one day, frankfurters, already in the clouds, blew in from the northwest at about five miles an hour.

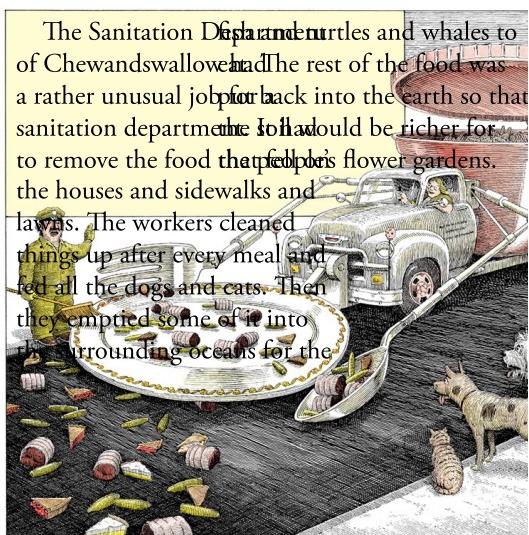
There were mustard clouds nearby. Then the clouds shifted to the east and brought in baked beans.

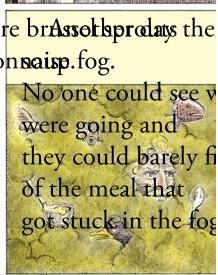
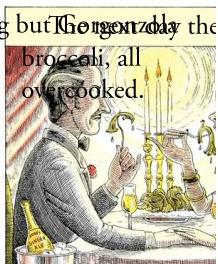
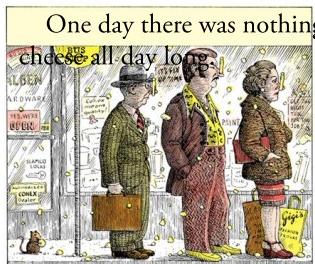
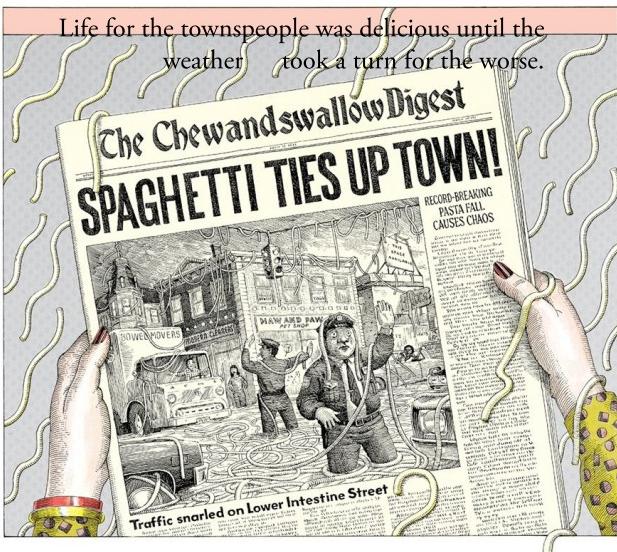
A drizzle of soda finished off the meal.

Dinner one night consisted of lamb chops, becoming heavy at times, with occasional ketchup. Periods of peas and baked potatoes were followed by gradual clearing, with a wonderful Jell-O setting in the west.



The Sanitation Department and turtles and whales to
of Chew and swallow had. The rest of the food was
a rather unusual job for back into the earth so that
sanitation department should be richer for
to remove the food that fell from flower gardens.
the houses and sidewalks and
lawns. The workers cleaned
things up after every meal and
fed all the dogs and cats. Then
they emptied some of it into
the surrounding oceans for the

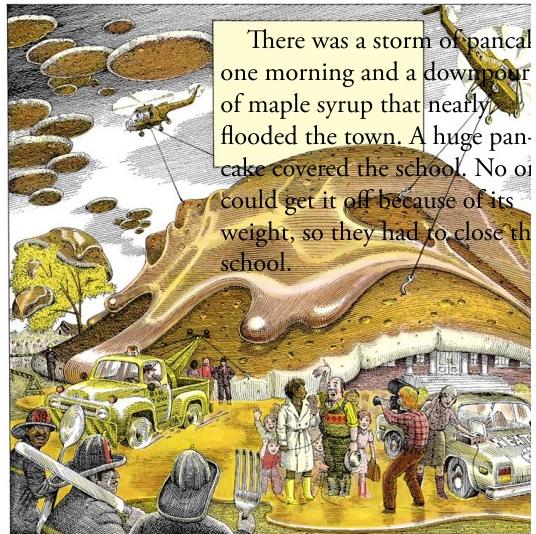
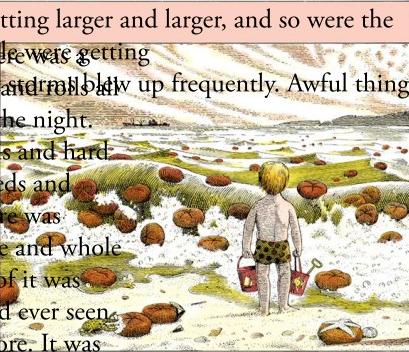




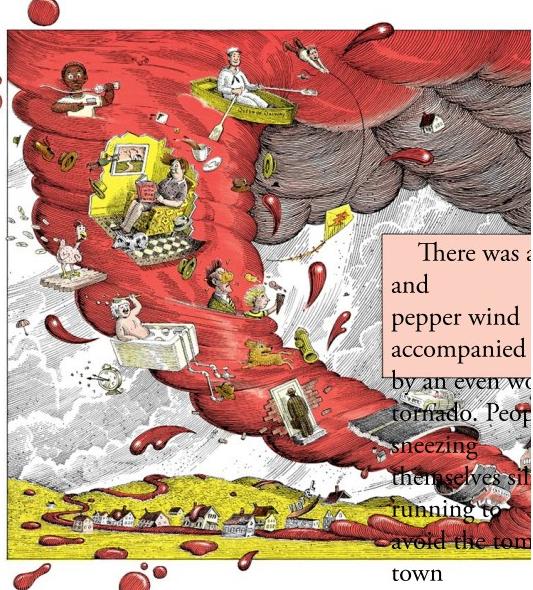
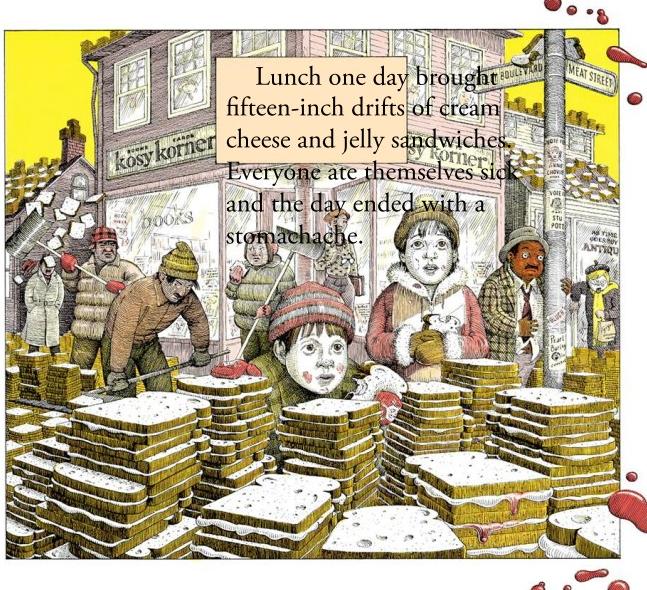
The food was getting larger and larger, and so were the people. One Tuesday there was a frightening wind. Bread and rolls blew up frequently. Awful things day long and into the night.

There were soft rolls and hard rolls, some with seeds and some without. There was white bread and rye and whole wheat toast. Most of it was larger than they had ever seen bread and rolls before. It was

a terrible day. Everyone had to help out. The people piled up as much bread as they could in their backyards. The birds damaged it a bit, but it just stayed there and got staler and staler. The Department was beside itself. The mess took the workers four days to clean up, and the sea was full of floating rolls.



There was a storm of pancakes one morning and a downpour of maple syrup that nearly flooded the town. A huge pancake covered the school. No one could get it off because of its weight, so they had to close the school.



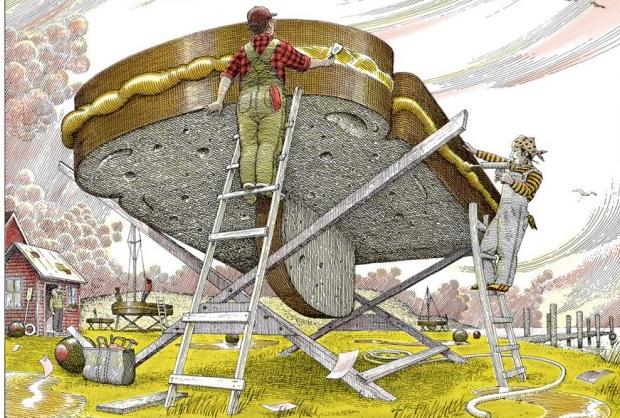
The Sanitation Department gave up. The job was too big.

Everyone feared for their lives. They couldn't go outside most of the time. Many houses had been badly damaged by giant meatballs, stores were boarded up and there was no more school for the children.

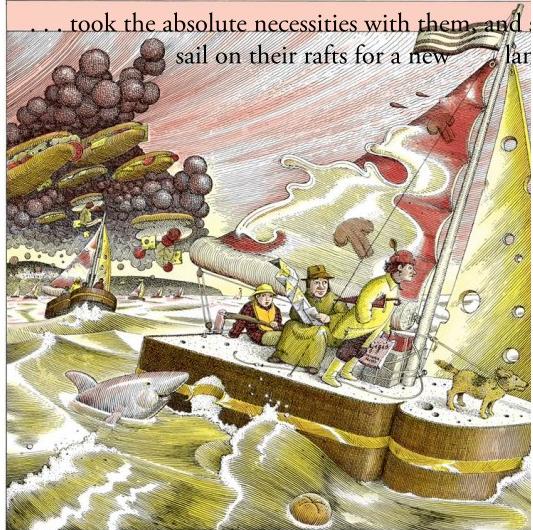


So a decision was made to abandon the town. Chewandswallow. It was a survival.

The people glued together the giant pieces of stale bread sandwich-style with peanut butter . . .



. . . took the absolute necessities with them, and sail on their rafts for a new lar



After being afloat for a week, they finally reached a small coastal town, which welcomed them. The bread had held up surprisingly well, well enough for them to build temporary houses for themselves out of it.



The children began to play again, and the adults began to find places for themselves in the new land. They tried to change they had to wake was getting used to buying food at a supermarket. They found it odd that the food was falling from the sky except snow. The clouds above their heads were not made of eggs. No one ever ate a hamburger.

And no

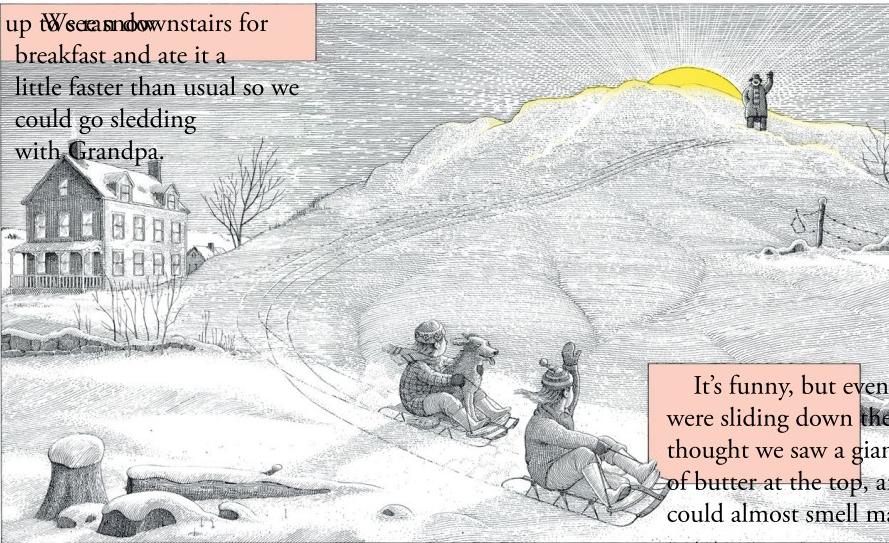
to go back to Chewand's find out what happened to it. They were afraid."

Henry was awake until the very end of Grandpa's story. I read a good-night kiss.

The next morning we woke up falling outside our window.



We went downstairs for breakfast and ate it a little faster than usual so we could go sledding with Grandpa.



It's funny, but even though we were sliding down the hill, we thought we saw a giant mound of butter at the top, and we could almost smell mashed potatoes.

